

The Indifferent ^KLovers'

86

GARLAND,

Containing four excellent

New Songs.

- I. The Indifferent Lovers.
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Licensed and entered according to Order.



The Indifferent Lovers GARLAND, &c.



The Indifferent Lovers.

COME all you young girls that now are unwed,
Pray give an attention to what here is said,
Believe not these young men for they will you scorn,
It's a pity that ever such creatures were born.

They will move their bodies as they pass by,
And make a low bow, your servant they'll cry,
But when they're gone past, I will make it appear,
That all you will get is a scoff or a jeer.

But their courteous behaviour shall ne'er me decoy,
For I love the freedom that I do enjoy,
For marriage brings trouble in every degree,
So I will live single they plainly shall see-

For when we are married we must card and spin,
Then a nursing with children our sorrow begins,
Beside men are fickle their tempers are cross,
And altho' we live single, I think it's no worse.

But when I was young I was Inclined to love,
Then I met a brisk damsel my heart she did move,
I kindly address'd her with words that was sweet,
But she answered me, It was Time enough yet.

I once had a sweetheart who was loving and kind,
But now I do find she has alter'd her mind,



But since she is gone then fare well to she,
For I'll have another she plainly shall see.

She thought she had kill'd me when from me she went,
But I harden'd my heart far harder then flint,
Let fortune mourn for her for so will not I,
I'm freely resolved another to try.

For I've love in my pocket and none in my heart,
I can love a little and give every one part.
I can love as slight as the dew on the corn,
I can lie down at night and shake it off in the morn.

But as I went over yon gallentree air,
I met a black boony lass not very fair,
O bonny lass canny lass marry with me,
And I'll lead my life with you, if friends can agree.

O bonny lad your friends they are rare,
And I'm a black bonny lass not very fair,
Your parents and friends they will frown upon me,
So lad seek your fortune and pray let me be.

Well since its no better its well its no worse,
I'll cock up my beaver and call for my horse,
I'll call for my landlady to bring me more bear,
And I'll drink my love's health in merry good chree.

Johnny's ramble to Youghall.

As I went for to love my ramble was pretty,
Through each sweet grove, and left the great city,
In a blessed sport I rambled with Karry,
To see sweet Youghall in a summer's day.

The Fields and the meadows so green was laid over,
In the Firmament favours there we did discover,

We

(4)
We walked along like two loyal lovers,
The heart of thy Karry did warm to me.

She timed her notes so well on the spinnet,
Which charmed the throats of the lark and sweet linnet,
Each time that she sung it made her begin it,
And play'd it twice over while she's on my Knee.

But when that my Karry, did join the grand chorus,
The young bleating lambs and their dams skipped before
Retiring from the sun in a harbour we lay, (us)
When Phoebus declining we marched away.

Thro' each sweet walk for our recreation,
Charmed with the scent of the pink and Carnation,
Contented we were in our happy station,
So sweet was the garden of Venus to me.

And so to my Karry, for she ne'er repented
So married we were as what I intended;
Kind sir, said she, by you I'm befriended,
So walk with me down to the side of the lee.

Where you'll see the Dolphin and shell fish a sporting,
These pretty young birds on the branches a courting;
Whilst we talk of love to us their resorting,
So sweet was the pleasure of our harmony.

The eel and the pike by the fishes are dying,
The salmon and trout by the banks is allyng,
These pretty young lambs for their dams are crying,
O this was the pastime that there we did see.

Then we took our leave of Venus's fair bower,
Oblige by the fall of an heavenly shower,
My Kary she thought each moment an hour,
Till back to the Garden we returned again,

Then

Then we took our journey as we intended,
 But now by the parson we both are befriended,
 We join hand in hand till our lives are ended,
 So we'll go no more far to sport on the lee.

The bold Batchelor

I Am a bold batchelor, just in my prime,
 Who has a great mind to be married;
 It happened upon a Saturday Night,
 When late at the Alehouse I tarried;
 And as coming home I heard a great noise,
 I stood for to listen to hear what it was,
 A Woman she cries, and is there no laws,
Ob, I cannot be un married.

You rogue I brought you a portion you know
 And thus to be serv'd by a Villain;
 You work all the Week and on Saturday night,
 You bring me home but one Shilling;
 One Shilling I have three Children to feed,
 It's hardly enough to find them with bread
 She up with the piss-pot, and flung at his head
Crying, Ob that I had never been married.

She sat herself down for to rest a while,
 And thus she began for to prattle;
 She gave him again a pot I declare
 Which made his poor brains for to rattle,
 Bezong to your Whores I solemnly swear,
 If you stay any longer I'll cut off your ears,
 And certainly sport all the rest of your ware
Crying, Ob, that I'd never been married.

Then

Tou

You impudent Jade to rail against Whores
 Where is your Taylor by whom you'd a bastard
 The time I was sailing you rifled my breeches,
 You plunderd my stores and father'd your bastard
 When I came ashore you impudent Jade,
 To rail against Whores is not your trade,
Crying, Oh, that I'd never been married

The reason of this the Goodwife say for failing
 He only supplied your place when you was sailing
 Before you rogue you disgraced me so
 I passed for an honest woman you know ;
 But now you have letten my neighbours know
 That I to the Taylor was common also,
 For disgracing me so you're a son of a whore
 I'll put off my coat and at you once more
Crying, Oh that I'd never been married.

The Children did squall and the dishes did fly,
 And the piggins did rattle like thunder ;
 by this time the neighbours did break open the door
 To strive for to put them asunder ;
 And s'ce fury-like made this reply,
 You rogue I'll fight you till that I die
 She up with the ladle and gave him a black yce,
 Saying, Hang you rogue I will be master.
Crying, Oh that I'd never been married.

The ungrateful Lover.

Do you think that I'm craz'd or yet going mad,
 What pleasure can I have any more than I've had,
 If I got you with child you were as willing as I,
 Do you think that I will marry you no indeed not I.

Go

Go home to your parents and then learn to woo,
And they will advise you the best way to do,
If your belly grown big and your stays will not come nigh
So you think that I will marry you no indeed not I.

The first time he did meet me he promised me fair,
But now he has ruined me I vow and declare,
He got my virginity and away from me gone,
And home to my parents I never dare return.

Young men they are deceitful in every degree,
The man that I loved he has ruined me,
He blasted my glory and away from me gone,
All the young maidens will laugh me to scorn.

The Cuckow's a bonny bird she sings as she flies,
She brings us true tidings and tells us no lies
She sucks the birds eggs to make her voice clear,
And she never cries cuckow while summer draws near.

Come all you pretty maidens where ever you be,
And do not fix your mind on fickleamour tree,
For the leaves they will wither and the rout they will die,
And I am forsaken I know not for why.

The Sailor Laddy.

THere was a farmers Daughter,
and soon she was beguil'd,
By the loving of a Sailor,
And she did prove with Child,
Dear Heart how well she lov'd him.

What did your Sailor Lad leave you,
When he went to Sea,
He left me a sweet Baby
Its in my arms you see,
Dear Heart, &c.

What

What sort of Clothes did your
Sailor Laddy wear,
His Jackets they were Blue,
And his Trowsers they were White,

Dear Heart, &c.

What if your Sailor Laddy,
Should chance to come no more,
They'll call my Child a Love begot,
and I myself a Whore,

Dear Heart, &c.

What if your Sailor Laddy,
Should chance to come again,
The Parson he shall Marry us,
the Clark shall say, Amen.

Dear Heart, &c.

What makes you weep and cry,
when your Sailor's standing by,
Then we shall live together,
untill the day we die ;

Dear Heart, &c.

I wish the Wars were ended,
Sailors would get on Shore,
And the Lads would get a Sweetheart,
that ne'er had one before.

Dear heart how well she lov'd him.

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W F I N I S.